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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

BURT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor.

SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1899.

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 15

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second Tuesday and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street. WM. H. MARSHALL, Secretary. W. P. SEECUT, W. M.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 295, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Will meet Thursday degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings. W. C. GALLUP, Secretary. N. G.

H. M. CHOATE, Secty.

I. O. O. F.—Amethyst Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
K. L. PETERS, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

CYRILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. 297, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
MAGIE BURR, Secty.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 97, meets First and Third Thursday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock, in the old Farmers Hall.
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H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. L. Monk Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Hacker Block.
MRS KATE L. WRIGHT, Pres.
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A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 156, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Hacker Block. "BENJAMIN HARRISON, M. W.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. hall, Hacker block.
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L. O. T. M.—Queen Hive, No. 4. Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hacker Block, Tuesday afternoons.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch, No. 2, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month in W. C. T. U. hall, Hacker block at 7:30 P. M.
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THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 4 P. M., in the M. E. church.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in the Fire Hall.
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Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—J. T. WALKER, D. D., pastor. Class meeting, Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young people's meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist.—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Tuesday evening. Covenant meeting the Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—J. HYDE MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services as follows: Ash Wednesday at 10 a. m., Good Friday at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Holy Communion every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Gate City had found a hero and wished to worship him, but he soon proved as intractable as he was prominent. For three days after the capture of Nevins the community was agog with rumor and excitement. To begin with, the captive "had the cheek of a brass monkey," said the sheriff, and swore atrociously that he was wronged and injured man. So far from being a prisoner he should be on a pinnacle, rewarded by a generous and grateful government for important services rendered. When put he had followed and found the renegade major and wrested from him full confession and the key of the safe! The latter in turn had been forcibly wrested from him through the malevolent jealousy of that ill-fated employer, but never, said Nevins, would he now betray Burleigh's hiding place or impart his confession until full reparation was made for the wrongs and indignities heaped upon him. The sheriff was fairly dazed.

"Who were all the fellows you met with you," he demanded, "if they weren't some of Hank Birdsall's crowd, come there to raid the quartermaster's depot?"

Nevins' indignation was fine to see. He denied all knowledge of the presence of any such. He demanded an interview with Folsom. He utterly refused at first to accord one to his wife, as Naomi Fletcher, Folsom's housekeeper, was now understood to be. That woman was in league with his enemies, he swore. That woman wrote and bade him come and then had Folsom and Loring and other armed men there to pounce upon him. Folsom came and had a few words with him, but told him bluntly that the wouldn't believe his preposterous story and would have nothing to do with him until he withdrew the outrageous accusations against both his wife and Loring.

"That wounds a sniffian, times too good for you," said Folsom.

Then Nevins concluded he must have a talk with Loring, and on his message being conveyed that officer, the bearer was bidden to say that Mr. Loring refused to have anything whatever to do with him, whereat the captive sat upon the ground his teeth with rage and made the jailyard ring with maledictions.

Events succeeded each other with marvelous rapidity. Folsom's visit was early the morning after the capture, and by noon he was howling along on a 70 mile ride to the ranch in the Laramie valley, hurried thither by the news that Birdsall's gang had run off many of his son's best horses and that Hal Folsom himself was missing.

Loring galloped by the side of the ambulance several miles, conferring with the old frontiersman all the way, then turned back to resume his work at the depot. Eagerly he wired dispatches to the general, which were forwarded from Cheyenne to the Platte, telling of his important capture, smiling, quietly as he wrote.

Had he not promised to produce the mysterious Newhall himself? Admirable service, indeed, had the young engineer rendered. The testimony of Folsom, Loring, Jimmy Peters and one or two wakeful citizens all proved that there must have been a dozen of Birdsall's gang in town that night.

There could be only one explanation for a prize was on the head of every man. They had come with "Newhall" and the key straight from some distant lair in the Black Hills of Wyoming, the big shouldered range that stretches from the Laramie near its junction with the Platte southward to Colorado. They were bent on a sudden rush upon the corral in the dead of night, the forcing of the gate and the office door, then with "Newhall" to unlock the safe they would be up and away like the wind, with money enough to keep them all in clover—and whisky—until the last dollar was gambled or guzzled.

Loring's suspicions had proved exactly correct. Loring's precautions in having the office brightly lighted and a show of armed men about had held the would be robbers at bay during the early hours of the night, and then his prompt action in hurling himself on the mysterious stranger who came stealthily in at Folsom's back gate had finally and totally blocked the game.

But, just in proportion as Loring turned out to be right, did Peckmiff turned out to be wrong, for he had left a guard for the depot, and therefore was it now Peckmiff's bounden duty to himself to pooh-pooh the precautions of the engineer and belittle the danger. Not for a moment would he admit that armed desperadoes had come at Nevins' back. As for the key in his possession, with all respect to the statements of Mr. Loring, the story of the unfortunate captain was just as plausible, and that *key* should have been delivered to him, the commander at Fort Emory, instead of being taken possession of by the engineer.

True, Nevins had been dismissed in disgrace, and in a question of veracity between the two men there was little doubt that Loring's would prevail. But a very peppery, fidgety, unhappy old man was Colonel Stevens for many days, pruting about this independence of action of stripping officers right under his nose.

But the worst came on the day when the little troop of cavalry at Fort Emory was still further depleted by the detachment of a sergeant, two corporals and eight troopers, ordered to report with pack mule and ten days' rations to Lieutenant Loring of the engineers, and Colonel Stevens had not been consulted again.

The senior colonel in the department, he had been his command cut down company by company until only a tare squad, and he, remained to guard the most important post in Wyoming. (Which it wasn't by any means, but he had been led to think so.) And now young whippersnappers just out of West Point were running away with his man right under his nose.

But Loring's orders came to him direct from Omaha. He had need of every precaution. He was now going on a mission that demanded the utmost secrecy, and the colonel could no more conceal a movement than a sieve could water.

Quitting the quartermaster's depot one summer night at 12, the little detachment rode silently out across the southward prairie, swung round to the east when the dim lights of town were a mile behind, took the trot over the hard, bounding turf, and at dawn were heading straight for the heights of Laramie. Halting for rest and coffee when the sun was an hour high, they again pushed on until noon, when they unbridled in a grove of leafy cottonwoods in a little fork of the Medicine Bow, watered the weary horses and gave them a hickory feed and themselves a hearty dinner, and then picketing and hoppling their steeds, who were glad enough to roll and sprawl in the sand, all hands managed to get some hours of sound sleep before the sun was sinking to the edge of the Sweetwater range.

Then came the careful grooming of their mounts, then a dip in the cool waters, the smoking time of soldier coffee and sizzling slips of bacon. Then again the saddle and the silent trail, with the moon looking down from the zenith on their warlike array. Heavily armed was every man, each, even the lieutenant, with carbine and brace of Colts, and on they rode through the still, soft night air, chatting in low tones, no man knowing but every one believing that the mixture, blue eyed young officer in the lead was heading them for a fair of the Birdsall gang. It was too far south just then for Sioux.

Another morn and they had crossed during the dark hours the broad plains of the Laramie and were winding up among the hills. Another rest and sparring from the rear there overtook them a breaned, weather beaten frontiersman whom Mr. Loring greeted without show of surprise, and whom again they moved on it was he who rode at the lieutenant's left, up, up a winding trail among the frowning heights until just as every man was wondering where on earth they could hope for a lute the noiseless signal to halt was given, while the leaders dismounted and peered over a shoulder of bluff ahead, held brief consultation, then down the ravine to the left rode the stranger, and back to his men came Loring, his eyes kindling.

"There is a camp half a mile ahead where I have to make an arrest," said he quietly. "Keep close at my heels. We'll have to gallop when we get in view. Draw pistol. Don't fire unless they do. They probably won't."

And they didn't. Half a dozen startled men, gambling about a blanket, two or three sleeping off a drunk and one frenzied, haggard wretch nervously pacing up and down among the pines were no match for the dash of a dozen desperadoes coming thundering into view. There was no thought of fight. Those who could catch their horses threw themselves astride bareback and shot for the heart of the hills; two or three scrambled off afoot and were quickly run down; one, a heavily built, haggard, hollow eyed man, shook from head to foot as the lieutenant reined up his panting and excited horse and coolly said:

"You are my prisoner, Burleigh."

Nor was there attempt at rescue. Mounting his four captives on their horses, their feet lashed to the stirrups, their hands bound, all the abandoned arms, ammunition and provisions destroyed and the camp burned, Loring led promptly away up the range toward the north until clear of the timber, then down the westward slope toward the Laramie valley once more, searching for a secure place to bivouac. Far to the north the grand old peak loomed against the blue gray of the Wyoming skies. Off to their left front, uplifting a shaggy crest from its surrounding hills, a bold butte towered fully 20 miles away, and toward that jagged landmark Loring saw his sergeant pacing slow and again with hand shaded eyes.

"What do you see?" he presently asked.

"Smoke, sir, I think. Will the lieutenant look with his glass?"

Silently Loring unslung his binocular and gazed. His eyes were keen, but untrained. "Take it yourself, sergeant," he said. And the veteran trooper reined out to one side and peered long and steadily, then came trotting up to the head of column, doubt and suppressed excitement mingling on his weather beaten face.

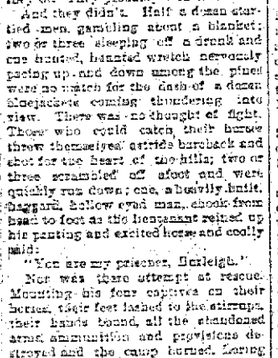
"I couldn't be sure, sir, but—it looked for a minute like smoke."

"And that means"—

"Indian signals, sir. That's Eagle butte, only a couple of miles from Hal Folsom's ranch."

Loring pondered. It was long since, in any force, the Sioux had ventured south of the Platte, but now, after their victory at Warrior Gap and the tremendous reinforcement they had received from all the turbulent tribes, what was to prevent John Folsom himself and told him it might be expected any moment. John Folsom himself had gone to that very spot consumed with anxiety about the safety of his son, but confident of the safety of himself and those he loved when once he could reach the ranch. "No Sioux," said he, "would raise hand to harm me."

But Loring's men and horses both were sorely wearied now, and at sundown the little command reached a sheltered nook where grass, wood and water were abundant. Here needfully yet anxiously they bivouacked until 2 in the morning, and then once more, refreshed, but alert and cautious, taking up to meet him as he drops, faintly in his post, the battle won.



"You are my prisoner, Burleigh."

Well and gallantly done, was the universal verdict of the frontier on Walter Loring's maiden fight. Brave, cool and resolute in face of desperate peril he had proved, and many a sympathizing soldier hovered about the hospital tent where day after day he lay in the delirium of fever that followed his wounds. Not will it be believed that when at last convalescence came and the doctors were compelled to raise the blockade, the news was broken to him that as soon as he should be declared strong enough there was still another ordeal ahead. The gallant general he had served so well had indeed been ordered elsewhere, as was prophesied at Omaha. "A new king came who knew not Joseph." The senior colonel was assigned to temporary command of the department, and he (old Peckmiff) listened to the tales of Nevins and of that new arrival from California, Petty, reenforced by heaven alone knows what allegations from the lambs of Lambert's flock.

"They found some dashed trumpery jewelry in a tin case in a trunk you left with your traps at Omaha," was the indignant outburst of Lieutenant Dean, who had led the rush of the cavalry to the rescue of Folsom's ranch and Loring's exhausted party, "and some idiot has preferred charges on the strength of them!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO CURE A FELON.

How to Treat These Dangerous and Painful Sores.

A felon is a severe and usually a most painful inflammation of the end of the finger, most commonly either the thumb or index finger of the right hand, for the reason that these are most exposed to the little wounds from which the trouble starts; but any of the fingers, or even one of the toes, may be the seat of a felon.

The inflammation starts generally from the prick of a pin or needle or from a scratch or cut, but often the wound is so slight that no notice is taken of it until the finger begins to grow sore. The soreness soon passes into actual pain, and this rapidly becomes most intense and throbbing, and sometimes is felt all the way up the arm.

It is worse when the hand is allowed to hang down. The ball of the finger is hot, red and swollen. At the same time the patient feels more or less ill, is feverish, and has a headache and rapid pulse.

When the inflammation is deep seated, pus collects beneath the periosteum, or membrane covering the bone, and this greatly increases the distress as well as the danger. If allowed to go on unrelieved the inflammation may creep up the finger into the palm of the hand, and then the condition becomes a most serious one. Instances may even occur where pus has formed beneath the periosteum more or less of the bone will die, leaving the end of the finger crippled or disfigured by a deep scar.

When the treatment is begun very early, it is sometimes possible to cut short the inflammation by cold cloths applied continuously to the inflamed part. These must be frequently renewed, for if allowed to get warm they will act as poultices and rather hasten suppuration than arrest it. At the same time the arm should be kept in a sling, with the hand raised and resting on the chest.

If the inflammation does not rapidly subside under this treatment, we must reverse it and try to bring matters to a head by means of poultices or wet cloths applied as hot as they can be borne and changed very often.

The only thing to be done when pus has formed is to cut the finger and let it out. This is painful enough for the instant, but it will prevent many days of acute suffering and all danger of severe inflammation of the hand and arm, with subsequent blood poisoning. —Youth's Companion.

SECONDHAND SHOES.

Extensive Repairs May Be Made For Very Little Money.

A sign hanging in front of a shoemaker's shop where secondhand shoes were sold had upon it these words: "Secondhand Shoes With New Uppers." It seemed almost as though a pair of secondhand shoes with new uppers would be practically new shoes, but inquiry showed that this impression was not warranted by the facts. There is a good deal of fresh material in a pair of shoes thus repaired, but there is also left a good deal of the old.

The new upper thus put in is a new vamp, the front part of the upper. The old counter, or back part of the shoe, still remains. It is a familiar fact that while the counter may break down or wear out or get a hole in it somehow it is much more likely to stay sound and good. It is the front that cracks and breaks. And so in putting secondhand shoes in order new vamps are sometimes put in. But while such a shoe, which had been soled and heeled, might easily be described as having undergone extensive repairs it would still be far from wholly new. There would remain, besides the old counter, the shank and the inner sole and the general shape and framework of the shoe, and upon these the repairs could be made.

Secondhand shoes bring various prices, depending on their original quality and their condition. A pair of secondhand shoes, resoled and reheeled and with new uppers, can be bought for as little as a dollar.—New York Sun.

The Madrid Museum.

After the social side of life in the Spanish capital has lost some of its novelty, there are always the collections to see and admire. And, after all, the crowning glory of the place is the Museo del Prado, which, if not the finest in Europe, at least ranks with the Louvre and the galleries of Dresden and Florence, says a correspondent in the Chicago Record. The gallery is especially rich in portraits of the great kings of Spain, and its chief treasures are the works of Diego Velasquez, some 60 in number. The light of the gallery itself is perhaps poor, but the charm of being able to walk undisturbed and never crowded amid this marvelous collection of works by the masters is enough of itself to repay a visit to Spain. The royal collection of armor at the palace is as interesting as the Prado pictures, in a way, and after these collections come others less notable, but worthy of a great capital.

Most Curious Clock.

One of the most curious clocks in the world is that which Auos, Lane of Amidee, Nev., constructed some time ago. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots out an immense column of hot water every 38 seconds. This spurting never varies to the tenth of a second, and therefore a clock properly attached to it cannot fail to keep correct time. Every time the water spouts up it strikes the lever and moves the hands forward 38 seconds.

Two Peking Towers.

Peking has a tower in which is hung a large bell cast in the fifteenth century, and another tower containing a huge drum which is intended to be beaten in case a great danger should threaten the city. No one is allowed to enter these towers.

The Effective Appeal.

Man is so selfish that no sermon can be expected to reach him unless it encourages him to lay up treasures for himself somewhere.—Galveston News.

IN A MUSIC SHOP.

In a dim corner of the shop,
With none but mice to mark,
The weary old toy fiddle hung,
Forgotten by the dark.

The cobweb hid its outworn case,
Dimmed with the anxious years,
The strings that little hands had prized
To laughter more than tears.

(And didst thou hope, a music toy,
For plumber? Nay, awake!
The heart of music has no rest
Until its cords must break.)

Without, among the violins
That master hands had wrought,
It heard the merrier music voice
Its own unuttered thought:

Like some poor bird of lilting song
Wayworn, with broken wing,
Watching the lark fly up through heaven,
Ever to die—and sing.

To little old toy instruments
Nor rest nor sleep belong;
Only to feel with helpless strings
Eternal stress of song.

And when there, adzes with dust,
Too old and worn to sing,
The message of the viols sat
Its voices a-quivering.

Thou weary little zither,
Long days and years shall come
Before thy heart of song may break,
Thy weary strings be dumb.

—Josephine Peabody, in Youth's Companion.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

Captain Hanson, having returned from a long voyage to find himself a widower, had sacrificed his fondness for a seafaring life to the needs of his only daughter, Lucy, and had settled in a thriving coast city, where he could live comfortably upon the modest fortune he had accumulated.

A good man was the captain, rough in his ways, but tender hearted, irascible, but forgiving, and deeply devoted to his "little girl," as he continued to call Lucy even after she took to long gowns and began to receive calls from eligible young men.

It was rather slow in dawning upon the captain's mind that Lucy might some day like to marry. He never took her "company" seriously, for most of the young men who called and whom he admitted, for he habitually answered the doorbell, were of a type with which to put it mildly, he was not familiar. That Lucy should cherish a genuine interest in a young man who knew nothing of the sea never occurred to him until a son of one of his former shipmates proposed for Lucy's hand. Then there was a rude awakening.

The suitor, Jack Darrow, was himself a sailor, and the old captain had found great comfort in his calls. In fact, the ancient mariner had entertained the notion that Jack called to see him, and it was quite a shock when Jack, finding the captain alone one evening, made his purpose clear.

"Have ye signaled her, Jack?" he asked.

"Haven't hoisted a rag," replied the young sailor sheepishly. "If it's all right, cap, you speak to her. She'll do anything you say."

"Dunno, dunno," returned the captain dubiously, "but I'll heave the lead, Jack, and let you know if the channel's clear."

That satisfied Jack, and, true to his word, the captain "heaved the lead" that very night.

"Lucy," he said, "Jack Darrow wants to splice with ye."

"Can't be done, papa," she answered at once. "Jack's a good fellow, but I don't love him."

The captain knew not whether to rejoice or regret. He was sorry for Jack, but glad for himself.

"All's well," he said after a moment. "I'm not asking ye to love him, Lucy. You shan't marry anybody ye don't love."

"I know you'd say so, papa, just as I knew you won't object to my marrying the man I do love."

"Eh? Steady there! Do ye mean ye've got somebody in mind?"

Lucy blushed and looked at the floor.

"Who is he?" asked the captain anxiously.

"It's Henry Whitman, papa. He asked me this evening."

"What! That dude?

"Papa!"

Lucy's eyes blazed as she addressed her father in sharper tones than she had ever used. She looked at him steadily for a moment and then went to her room.

The captain drew a long breath, sank into a chair and fumbled for his pipe. Under its soothing influence he became comforted. Whitman dressed stylishly, but that might not be against him. He could afford his apparent extravagance, for he was a clerk in a bank. Everybody spoke well of him too. Poor Jack Darrow!

After a time the captain knocked the ashes from his pipe and, going to Lucy's room, spoke to her through the closed door.

"It's all right, little girl," he said in a shaking voice. "If ye want young Whitman, ye shall have him, and God bless ye both."

Whereupon Lucy arose, went to the door, opened it and threw her arms around her father's neck.

Next day Captain Hanson reported his soundings to Jack and told him plainly that he'd have to sheer off. Perhaps the captain failed to couch his information in terms that suggested his disappointment and kindly feelings.

Jack did not manifest his ill will then, but a little later he devised a way to wreak vengeance on his successful rival. He chanced to learn that Whitman was to take Lucy to a theater on a certain evening. It began to rain that afternoon, a depressing, ceaseless drizzle. This was Jack's opportunity, and he arranged his plot with great care. There was nothing he could do himself except supervise operations, but he found three loyal friends to whom he confided the situation and his purpose, and they agreed to look after details.

The curtain rises upon their little drama at exactly 7:15, in the evening. Scene, the front steps of Captain Hanson's house. A cold drizzle continues throughout. The first conspirator enters, trips up the steps and pulls the bell. After a slight pause the door opens and the old captain appears, looking out into the wet.

"Is Miss Hanson at home?" inquires the conspirator.

"Yes," replies the captain, trying to recognize the visitor. "Will ye walk in?"

"Thanks, no," is the reply. "I just called to say that it is a very uncomfortable night, moist and windy, and she really ought not to think of going out. Good evening." And the first conspirator trots down, leaving the captain in open mouthed amazement.

Offended, but too surprised to do or say anything, he slams the door and retires.

Five or six minutes pass, and Conspirator No. 2 comes striding confidently along, mounts the high stoop and rings the bell.

"Is Miss Hanson at home?" asks the visitor of the old gentleman.

"Yes, she is," responds the captain. "What do ye want?"

"It's a very dirty night," remarks the conspirator with engaging frankness, "and she really ought not to venture out."

"Big seas and great gales!" roars the captain in a tremendous rage. "Ye got out of here!" And he makes a dash at the self appointed adviser, but the latter is on his guard and skips down the steps unharmed.

Ten minutes are then allowed to lapse before the third conspirator appears on the scene. He, too, trots up the high stoop and rings the bell, but, having no prudently retreats half way down again and waits. Almost immediately the door swings open and the irate captain bowls:

"Well? How is it?"

"Is Miss"— begins the third conspirator; but the captain waits for no more. He makes a mad rush down the steps, roaring savage imprecations and evidently bent upon violence, but the third conspirator, anticipating just this attack, nimbly jumps out of the way and fl

McKean County Mining

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Notices and administrators' notices, $2.50 each, for six insertions.

All communications to

BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, APR. 14, 1899.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PROTHONOTARY, ETC.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Prothonotary and Register and Recorder, subject to the rules of the Republican party of McKean county.

C. W. Mitchell

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 16, 1899

SHERIFF

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

WM. H. CLARKE.

Smethport, Pa., March 8, 1899

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries.

HUGH CHADWICK.

Smethport, Pa., March 7, 1899

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

C. A. CATLIN.

Port Allegany, Pa., March 1st, 1899.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

JOHN P. METZIN.

Bradford, Pa., March 4, 1899

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

ALBERT PETERSON.

Kane, Pa., Jan'y 2, 1899.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the rules governing the Republican party of McKean county.

J. C. CANNON, Jr.

Lewis Run, Pa.

We are authorized to announce that J. W. Freeman of Keating is a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the rules governing the Republican party of McKean county.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

MURRAY B. GREEN.

Smethport, Pa., March 8, 1899.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the rules of the Republican party of McKean county.

A. M. BOARDMAN

Derrick City, Pa., March 15.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries.

WM. A. YOUNG.

Smethport, March 15, 1899

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the rules of the Republican party

A. ANDERSON.

Bradford, Pa., April 11, 1899

COUNTY AUDITOR

E. E. Ball of Kane announces himself as a candidate for County Auditor subject to the rules governing the Republican party of McKean county.

A. L. Gaffey of Keating township announces himself as a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

JOHN W. WHALEY.

Kane, Pa., April 11, 1899.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

J. LESTER WARD.

Port Allegany, Pa., April 10, 1899.

STATE DELEGATE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county, at the primaries.

MYRON MASON.

Bradford, April 10th, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county, at the primaries.

J. W. BURTIS.

Smethport, April 10th, 1899.

DEWEY prefers to be an admiral than to be president and be compelled to run a four years' course surrounded by political tricksters.

There is a decided difference between the bald-headed Lexow investigating committee and the McCarrell investigating committee? There is no high-priced celery and other dainties for the last named committee. They work.

The announcement of John W. Wagley of Kane as a candidate for nomination on county auditor appears under its proper heading in this issue. Mr. Wagley is one of Kane's substantial business men, a life long Republican and is thoroughly competent to intelligently discharge the duties of the office he seeks. Should he be placed in nomination his election by a huge majority is assured.

The old saying that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, or words to that effect, will not convey the same meaning that it has heretofore. An ingenious Frenchman named Gershey has paved one of the main streets of Lyons, France, with glass, which gives better satisfaction and is more durable than any other paving material used. M. Garchey will erect a glass house or luminous palace at the Paris Exposition, next year, which will be one of the greatest attractions there.

In the proper place will be found the announcements of Mr. Myron Mason of Bradford and Mr. J. W. Burtis of Smethport as candidates for State delegates, subject to the rules governing the Republican party. These gentlemen are too well known to need any introduction from the MINER. Mr. Mason as an extensive oil operator is known from one end of the county to the other. Mr. Burtis has been a resident of the county for many years and served three years as district attorney with entire satisfaction to the public in general.

A terrible incident occurred recently on the island of Malta in the Mediterranean that would naturally cause all Europeans to open their eyes the widest up and down. While the 12th United States infantry was on the way to Manila on board the United States transport Sheridan, the vessel anchored at Malta and the regiment was landed for exercise and to be inspected by the Governor of the island, Sir Francis Grinfell. An United States regiment, boasting its colors, lead by a British band, marching on English soil shows that there is a bond of friendship that is very strong holding the two leading nations of the world in close relationship. It must have been an inspiring sight.

SOME of the Quay journals in the State keep on reiterating the fact that Quay is the caucus candidate and that he has done so much for the Republican party in Pennsylvania; that anyone who opposes this bow rule is trying to disrupt the party. The simple truth of the whole matter is that Cleveland's second administration proved such a total failure that even Democrats became disgusted and Republicans naturally would be, hence it is presumptuous for anyone to claim that Mr. Quay had anything to do with the enormous Republican vote that was polled in Pennsylvania from 1894 to 1896 when Mr. McKinley had 300,000 plurality, which was reduced to 120,000 the next year, Beacom having that plurality over his Democratic competitor for State treasurer. The other candidates, including Brown, Democrat, had a majority over Beacom of over 6,000 votes. The week after the above election the MINER sounded the alarm that unless the Republicans of Pennsylvania resorted to purer politics and placed their most upright men to the front, there would be trouble in the party. Last fall that trouble came and only for the loyalty of the Republicans of Pennsylvania to the national administration and the desire to have a good working majority in the lower house of Congress ever saved Governor Stone from inglorious defeat. And no one can deny it, not even those who are so vociferously shouting out the praises of M. S. Quay and the wonderful things he has performed for the Republican party. Quay's action for years has had a tendency to disintegrate the party, and his forcing himself, through his henchmen in the State, as Pennsylvania's candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1896 was in keeping with his other acts. The rank and file of the Republicans of the State desired McKinley as their standard bearer, but Quay's bosses and his prearranged county committees forced him as the choice of the different counties in the State. Boss rule creates dissatisfaction in every State where it is attempted Pennsylvania has had enough of it.

THE celebrated Quay trial was commenced in Philadelphia on Monday, Judge Craig Biddle, one of the ablest judges in the State, presiding. The attorneys for the defense have fought every inch of the ground. Attorney Watson of Pittsburg made a very lengthy address on Tuesday afternoon which abounded in many reasons (from the side of the defense) to exclude all the books of the defunct People's bank of Philadelphia, but with all their eloquence they only succeeded in persuading Judge Biddle to hand down an opinion which excluded the "Red Book," which contains evidence of a rather serious nature. District Attorney Rotherme objected to this as the book had not been offered in evidence. The Judge finally concluded to reserve his opinion until such time as the book was offered in evidence. All other *books, letters and telegrams will be* admitted in evidence. Before the case was continued last February Mr. Quay's attorneys alleged that these *bank books had been doctored.* If such was the case what better evidence could the defense ask for? If they could have substantiated their assertion *in court it would have knocked* the Commonwealth's case endways. But instead of taking that course they now attempt to exclude these "doctored books," which clearly shows to a fair-minded man that they are afraid of the issue.

AMONG the new announcements this week is that of A. Anderson of Bradford, who aspires to the office of county commissioner. In speaking of his candidacy the Bradford Star says:

Mr. Anderson is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican in every sense which that term implies. He has been a resident of McKean county for 40 years and was a delegate to the first Republican convention ever held at Smethport, when Fremont was the party's standard bearer. He is one of the best known men in the county and during his long residence in McKean has been honored with various positions of trust and responsibility. He was justice of the peace for four years at Lafayette and relinquished the duties of that office to become postmaster at that place, a position he continued to hold for 12 years. He was road commissioner with the late Gen. Kane for seven years, and at one time locked only one vote of being elected judge in this county. He is one of the largest taxpayers in the county and is therefore directly interested in the administration of its affairs. His integrity as a man and his popularity among the voters will make him a strong candidate for the position of county commissioner. He is not a candidate of *his own choice*, but at the earnest solicitation of his friends. If given the nomination he will poll a large vote and be elected.

IT is its proper place will be found the *announcement of J. Lester Ward of* Port Allegany as a candidate for county auditor on the Republican ticket. Mr. Ward is a capable young man of good address and an earnest Republican, and if he should be so fortunate as to secure the nomination the Republicans of the county, to a man would take pleasure in voting for him. The Bradford Star thus speaks of him:

He is an expert accountant, one of the requisites for the position, and is thoroughly competent to discharge the duties of the office. He is a young man of sterling qualities, strict integrity and a sound Republican. During the past year he has been engaged by the county commissioners as assistant clerk and is familiar with the duties that would devolve upon him if he were elected county auditor.

LAST Sunday night at 6:30 Justice Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme Court passed away at the age of 82 years, having been born at Haddam, Conn., on Nov. 3, 1816. In 1837 at his graduation from a law school he entered into a partnership in the law with his brother, David Dudley Field. In 1849 he started for California during the first gold excitement. His efforts to hold California in the Union were so highly appreciated by President Lincoln that he appointed Mr. Field to the United States Supreme Court in 1863, where he served continuously until Dec. 1, 1897, a period of 34 years, the longest term ever served by a member of the Supreme bench. No braver man ever lived.

For frost bites, burns, indolent sores, eczema, skin disease, and especially piles, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve stands first and best. Look out for dishonest people who try to imitate and counterfeit it. It's their endorsement of a good article. Worthless goods are not imitated. Get DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

WANTED—A coat maker at H. W. Robb & Co.'s

UNFAIR TREATMENT.

While the MINER has no objection to the two gentlemen selected by Judge Morrison to be elected as delegates to the next Republican State convention, it does most strenuously object to the manner in which it was brought about. Mr. Morrison knows very well that there is not an anti Quay Republican in McKean county who would not do all in his power to elevate him to a seat on the Supreme bench of the State.

Judge Morrison consulted two prominent anti-Quay Republicans, who frankly told him that they were perfectly willing for him to make the selection of delegates if he would recognize the antis by giving them one delegate, who, these men assured him, would vote for him for the Supreme Court as long as he was a candidate. This he refused to do, and has selected Mr. Myron Matson of Bradford and Attorney J. W. Bouton of this place, both pronounced Quay men.

One would naturally suppose that Judge Morrison would have given a little consideration to the large anti Quay feeling in the county. But he seems determined to hand over two zealous Quay men to the machine. This scheme will be worked all over the State by the Quayites, as every county will be able to produce some kind of a candidate for the Supreme Court. And Governor Stone has given them the opportunity by chasing all over the State and offering the appointment to a Democrat, knowing full well that if he give the appointment to an able Republican the Republicans of the State would undoubtedly follow the wishes of the Governor and nominate his choice for the bench.

What a great scheme here develops! It is now fully demonstrated in our own county. The Quay faction is well aware of the fact that the anti Quays are too true Republicans to turn down a local Republican, unless the trick assumes such a glaring character that no honest man can swallow the dose.

There can be no question in the mind of any fair man but this issue is being worked in this manner in order to say that McKean county is for the machine, when even the Quayites know that it is not.

Will the honest voters of the county tamely submit to this treatment by which they are allowed no voice in the selection of candidates for State office? Will they passively allow themselves to be fettered, like sheep in the shambles, and handed over to the bosses, or will they assert their independence as American citizens and block this little scheme at the primaries? Time alone will tell.

MUST BLEED AND BE BLED.

The MINER is pleased to discover that the "Man up a Tree," who writes so ably for the Bradford Post, has ascended sufficiently high to see the rottenness that exists at Harrisburg and has the nerve to speak of it in words that are unmistakably correct. If the Republican newspapers of the State would come out and declare their honest conviction of the situation there would be such an outcry raised in Pennsylvania that the henchmen and tools of the boss would flee to their cyclone cellars for safety. Here is what he says:

Here we are again. The Senate of the grand old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has passed a bill providing for additional officers and employes of the State. What do you think of that, Mr. Taxpayer? Don't you think they have enough leeches sucking away at the public pap? Do you think they need more employes, when men who are on the pay rolls, and are supposed to be doing something, are loafing around Bradford, Kane and every place in Pennsylvania but Harrisburg? Do you not think they might make use of some of these six dollar a day clerks who have never been known to do a thing but draw their pay? But perhaps I am getting too rabid. I don't understand these things, you know. It may be that poor old Pennsylvania must bleed and be bled. It may be perfectly proper to pay men all over the State, from the State treasury, for work done for the interests of the Quay machine. It must be for this kind of work, you see, because everyone knows they do no other kind of work. But as I said, I don't know about these things. I believe, however, (understand—I believe) that this bit of legislation is another scheme to reward someone for political services—that it is dishonest and thoroughly bad. But again I ask, and listen in vain for a reply—what can we expect but this sort of thing from a Pennsylvania legislature? I will answer the question myself—NOTHING.

It is refreshing to note that peace has been declared between the Smethport Democrat and MINER, and these two papers will hereafter dwell together in harmony.—Bradford Post.

Such is our intention neighbor, and the MINER fully appreciates the gentlemanly article written by Mr. Lindsley, in last week's Democrat, likewise the many kind mentions by the press generally throughout this section. Two newspapers may differ politically, but if they are on friendly terms and work *together harmoniously* on other matters, they will prove a power for good.

THE Quayites imagine that they are running the lightning express at the present time, but the gravel train will have the right of way ere long.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has lame back and weak kidneys; malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the liver and kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures constipation, headache, fainting spells, sleeplessness and melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c a bottle at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store.

Grip Treatment.

Grip can be broken up in from one to three days by the prompt use of Dawn's Edxir. It has done it. It will do it. Try it before pneumonia or consumption sets in. After grip, Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are nature's remedy for expelling all grip poisons from the blood, regulating the bowels, strengthening the nerves and imparting vigor to the system.

With these long tried remedies at hand the worst case of grip can be conquered. We sell them and guarantee them to do as recommended, or money refunded. L. K. Hogarth & Co., H. C. Wells.

Farm For Rent.

To experienced farmer or dairyman. 50 acres near city, with over 2,000 young fruit trees and 200 grape vines; cut about 50 tons of hay each year; farm house, city water, 3 barns; good market for milk, eggs and produce; near schools. Apply to ARO. W. NEWELL, 21 Congress St., Bradford, Pa.

Before the discovery of One Minute Cough Cure ministers were greatly disturbed by coughing congregations. No excuse for it now. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1899.

President McKinley will this week issue a proclamation notifying the world officially that Spain and the United States are at peace. The treaty signed by the Queen Regent of Spain is already in Washington and the French Ambassador, acting for Spain, will arrange for the ceremony of exchanging the treaty. This ceremony will, unless present plans are changed, take place in the White House. It will be interesting but brief. The copy of the treaty ratified by Spain will be handed to the President and the copy of the treaty ratified by the United States Senate will be handed to the French Ambassador, as the representative of Spain. The payment of the $20,000,000 called for by the treaty will speedily follow, but it is not likely that the French Ambassador will have anything to do with this. Being a business matter, it will probably be settled by the notification to the government of Spain that its accredited agent can collect the money at some European bank, to which it will be deposited by this government.

So much time has been taken up by witnesses whose testimony has been practically the same, that the Military Court of Inquiry has announced that it will hear no more witnesses except those who have something new to offer. Gen. Shafter has reached Washington, in obedience to a summons, and will be heard this week. Gen. Miles may also be heard again. There are all sorts of rumors as to the report of the court, but none of them have any more substantial basis than guesses based upon the evidence as a whole. The guess most likely to prove true is that the report will recommend that the purchase of canned roast beef for the army should be stopped. The evidence against its fitness for food is overwhelming. It has not been proven that the refrigerated beef issued to the army was chemically treated, although it has been shown that it is a common practice for fresh meats to be so treated and sold in the markets of the country.

Ever since the bill authorizing 12 new warships became a law, there has been a good-natured but spirited rivalry among the friends of various States and cities, to give their names to the new ships. The law provides that the battleships and armored cruisers shall be named after States, and cruisers after cities. After consulting with Secretary Long, President McKinley announced the following as the names chosen: For battleships—Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Georgia; for armored cruisers—West Virginia, Nebraska and California; for cruisers—Denver, Des Moines, Chattanooga, Galveston, Cleveland and Tacoma.

Here is an official communication received by the Department of State from the United States Minister to Venezuela, which should be carefully read by those who grumble about the expense of keeping United States warships in foreign waters. It relates to the recent visit of the U. S. S. Wilmington to the ports on the northern coast of Venezuela. "The splendid condition and appearance of the men and the boat," writes the Minister, "never failed to call forth praise from those who saw them. As a result of the trip, I think it will be found that American prestige has been substantially augmented, and the idea of American power and resources, vitalized by the war, enormously deepened and widened. Practical results are coming, too, in the way of increased commerce with the United States, and if our merchants and manufacturers will take advantage of the favorable conditions that have been created for them, they ought to profit very largely."

President McKinley is leaving nothing undone that he thinks will maintain or add to the existing good feeling between the North and the South. His latest act in that line was to accept an invitation to attend an encampment and reunion of ex Confederates, under the control of the Daughters of the Confederacy, to be held at Falls Church, Va., June 7th and 8th, and to deliver an address.

The White House has two handsome new and permanent ornaments in the shape of a pair of magnificent Sevres china vases, made by the order of the late President Faure of France expressly to be presented to the American people and government as souvenirs of the opening of the new Franco-American cable, over which President McKinley and President Faure exchanged the first messages. The presentation was made by Ambassador Cambon to President McKinley, in the blue room of the White House, where the vases are to remain. In President McKinley's address, accepting them, he said: "In the name of my countrymen I accept the gift you offer. These beautiful vases, typical of one of the most celebrated arts of France, will remain in the nation's care as an evidence of the friendly sentiments of the French government and people towards the United States, and as a token of the auspicious event they were designed to commemorate." The vases and pedestals are about six feet high and nothing handsomer of the kind has ever been seen in Washington.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs are surely cured by it. Call on A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists, and get a trial bottle free. Regular size 50c and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

Rheumatism Cured.

My wife has used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism with great relief, and I can recommend it as a splendid liniment for rheumatism and other household use for which we have found it valuable.—W. J. Cuyler, Red Creek, N. Y.

Mr. Cuyler is one of the leading merchants of this village and one of the most prominent men in this vicinity.—W. G. Phippin, editor Red Creek Herald. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

As the season of the year when pneumonia, la grippe, sore throat, coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and lung troubles are to be guarded against, nothing "is a fine substitute," will "answer the purpose or is just as good" as One Minute Cough Cure. That is the one infallible remedy for all lung, throat or bronchial troubles. Insist vigorously upon having it if "something else" is offered you. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

WHEN I located my office in Bradford —something over a year ago—I was asked the question, "how long do you intend to stay?" I replied, "25 years." "What!" and do nothing but the fitting of Glasses. Opticians usually stay here about two weeks. Do you think there is business enough for an Optician here all the time?" Certainly there is always work for a professional optician, one who has studied the science of sight. I have demonstrated this fact until today I have a large clientage extending to all towns in the county and this office is visited by over 300 persons a month. Permanently located. High grade work.

Discreetly Reliable.

Dr. William E. Montgomery,

Professional Optician.

74 MAIN ST., Bradford, Pa. Entrance next to Key State Hotel.

"IKE" SIMONS

46 Main Street,

Bradford Pa.,

Begs to announce to his many friends and patrons of Smethport and vicinity that he has removed to 46 Main St., and has added to his fine stock of Hats and Gentlemen's Furnishings a full and complete line of Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and children. We have never sold clothing before so our stock is entirely new and up to date in every particular, and our price the lowest in the city. When you are in Bradford we will be pleased to see you and show you through our line whether you wish to purchase or not. I remain

Yours Respectfully,

"IKE" SIMONS,

46 Main St.

Lilgendahl's Shop

is a model of neatness and the means to be found here for getting out good work were never before known in Smethport.

The Blacksmithing Department

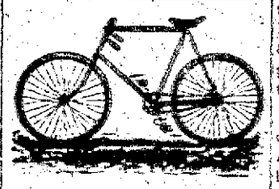
Is presided over by men of ability and experience. Bring your horse here. A thorough knowledge of horses' feet enables us to do horseshoeing in a scientific manner.

The Wagon and Paint Shops

Are attracting a great deal of attention. The excellent work done in these departments is drawing trade. Send in your order.

C. W. Lilgendahl,

Mechanic Street.



BICYCLE REPAIRING.

I am now prepared to do all Bicycle Repairing promptly and neatly. This season finds me at the same old stand—rear of Sprague block, on Union street—and I am better prepared to do work on short notice.

A new oven has been put in which will enable me to do first class enameling cheaper than you can get it done out of town.

Don't wait for the season to open, but get your wheel repaired now and be ready to enjoy the first riding.

I have full line of tires and can supply all pairs of wheels.

A. B. Kidder,

Fallon Street. Smethport.

BUY GOODS IN CHICAGO

Have you tried the Catalogue system of buying EVERYTHING you use at Wholesale Prices? We can save you 15 to 40 per cent on your purchases. We are now erecting and will own and occupy the highest building in America, employ 2,000 clerks filling country orders exclusively, and will reduce business 2 goods don't save you.

Our General Catalogue—1,000 pages, 35,000 illustrations, 60,000 quotations—ready as soon as we can get it to print and mail. We will send it to you upon receipt of 15 cents, to show your good faith.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

MICHIGAN AVE. AND MADISON ST.

CHICAGO.

New England Bakery,

Car. Main and Union Sts.

FRESH HOME-MADE

Bread
Cookies
Cakes
Pies

SALT RISING BREAD MADE MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

J. W. PICKERSGILL,

Smethport, Pa.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

"Digests what you eat."

Rugs and Carpets

Our stock of these goods is the largest, best and cheapest to be found in Olean. Over 50 different patterns in large rugs suitable for parlors, etc. The showing of small rugs is a wonder and our prices, well, come and see. Our carpet business for March is the largest in our history. Low prices, pretty patterns and prompt work. Don't fail to see our stock before placing orders for house furnishing goods. A few of our low prices as follows:

Heavy Fibre Rugs fringed 18x36 in. 50c.
Heavy Fibre Rugs fringed 26x54 in. 95c.
Heavy Fibre Rugs fringed 30x60 in. $1.15.
Heavy Fibre Rugs fringed 36x72 in. $1.40.
Heavy Smyrna Rugs fringed 30x60 in. $1.65.

Heavy Smyrna Rugs fringed 36x72 in. $2.00.
Better quality Smyrna Rugs fringed 30x60 in. $1.75 and $2.50.
Better quality Smyrna Rugs fringed 36x72 in. $2.75 and $3.50.
Axminster Rugs 3x3 ft. $1.98.

Special wool Wilton Rugs 27x54 inches $3.50.
Fur Rugs, heavy lining 28x64 inches $3.75.
Job lot best grade Japanese Rugs, sizes 8x10 at $4.98; size 9x12 at $7.50. These are just the things for bed rooms and are a great bargain.

Smyrna Rugs 7x10 feet $9.50.
Smyrna Rugs 9x12 feet $12.50.
Heavy Art Carpets 9x9 feet $4.50.

Heavy Art Carpets 9x10½ feet $5.25.
Heavy Art Carpets 9x12 feet $6.00.
India Art Rugs 9x12 feet $13.48.

Special Rope Portiers 6x8 ft $2.75, $3.25, $4.25, $5 and $7. A bargain in full size Tapestry Portiers $2.25 pair. Heavy Loops 50c pair. Ask to see the "Mercerised Silk Curtains" at $5, $6, $7 and $9 pair, heavy tassel fringe top. Rug Fringes, silk and cotton Fringe of all colors. All wool Carpets 50c, 55c, 60c and 65c. Good quality wool Brussels 50c, 60c and 70c. Heavy quality Axminster, made and laid $1.10 yd. Wilton Velvets 90c made and laid. Yard wide "Columbia Brussels" 75c. New Lace Curtains and curtain goods.

ANDREES & CONKLING, The House Furnishers, OLEAN, N. Y.

BARGAINS GALORE.

FLOUR FREE.

The Ol' Man Racket wil gil away 50 sacks ov flour to his customers. This is a Giant purchase. No other merchant in this town can sell U this chois Blue Seal brand ov flour. Our price iz $1.12 per sack, but we giv awa 50 sample sax.

Just Rec'd mor ov thos $3.50 long leg'd lumbermen's shoes—Our price is $2.65.

Don't forget the great deal we giv U on Dingman's 5c soap, 10 bars 25c. Santa Claus, 8 cakes 25c.

Grass or Timothy Seed $1.60 bu. Mam clover $4.20. This seed is the best money wil buy. We can giv U a much cheaper grade of seeds if you wish.

Onion sets—Sweet silver skin & yellow danver 12c qt. Seed sweet corn—black mecan & ever green. Marrow fat peas at 40c pk.

Let us call your attention to a nu line ov xtrax made by Smith Bros., xtra strong goods. Lemon & vanilla, large bottles 10c. We got this by buying immens quantities.

Yes, we can & will sav U money on Ladies' N. Y. Trim'd Hats. Another nu lot this week, another lot orderd for next, & so U C we keep em kummin.

Another Giant Purchase enables us 2 giv U Bargins that U don't C every da. Another immens lot of damaged pantaloons at just about ½ value. Thes goods sum hav soild spots, others small punctures, but all as good for work as though perfect. Thes wil not last long—get in line if U wish a pair.

We just rec'd a full case ov square 45c dinner pails—prices haz advanced but our prices is the same—only 18c whil tha last.

U hav paid $1 & $1.50 for clothes wracks or dryers. I wil not charge only 15c. This iz the most wonderful bargin U ever saw. It iz the wall kind that closes up and drops down on wall. This iz an other ov thos giant purchases. Cash iz a mighty lever.

Let me kall your attention 2 thos $1 silk front shirts again—sum merchants offer these same shirts at $1.50. As I sed B-4 we al purchased of same agt or ov same hous & paid same money. Then why R others worth 50c mor than mine?

When I sa that I wil save you mony I mean what I sa & liv up 2 it. U wil hear them cry cheap & trashy goods. It duz not hurt them 2 li. Ov cours it hurts 2 hav me cut & slash their prices so bad.

We hav bargins in plain white dishes. U always paid 60 to 75c for 6 cups & saucers; our price is 35 to 65c. Plates 4 to 8c each. Meat platters 15 to 35c each. Sq or round dishes 15 to 25c.

In Men's, Women's and Children's shoes we undersell. (Perfect goods 2.)

U al hav paid 35 & 40c for hickory ax handles; we hav em at 10 to 20c. Butter bowls & churns, tinware, tubs & boilers, tin boilers 45 & 55c. 40c cuspidores 10c.

Never B-4 haz my store been so full ov wonderful bargins but tha go fast. Pipes, tobacco, candies, nuts, cross-cut saws, hand saws, levils, step ladders, &c.

Bleached sheeting 5c yd, calico remnants 5c yd, remnants ov silk 35c yd—50 & 60c goods.

$2 lace curtains at $1.30. Smyrna rugs $6 & $7 kind at $1.45 & $2.25.

We hav just ordered a nu 10 bbl lot ov thos Deninger Bro's crackers. Tha R the best—4 lbs 25c or 55c lb by bbl. U R paying 8 & 10c lb for crackers not near so good as these.

Don't pay 25c yd for table oil cloth—we sel it at 16c.

Now is the time 2 buy ready mixd paints $1.25 gal or 35c qt. With this paint any ov U farmers can do your own work & save your buildings & how much more beautiful a building looks freshly painted.

All goods R on the rise. Times wil B better. Workmen R getting better wages. Let er boom.

A. E. STICKLES,

Sprague Block. Smethport, Pa.

CASH BARGAIN DAY

AT

J. COLEGROVE'S

FOR SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

The cream of the Eastern Markets is now open for your inspection at my store.

Nobby shirtwaists, 50c to $1.25; and Gents' spring dress shirts 50c up.
All the latest in wash fabrics for shirtwaists, 7c up.
New spring Silk Neings and trimmings, 50s and 75c.
Fancy Hose, 25c. Boys' Fancy Shirts, 48c.
Summer Bike Caps for Men and Boys, 25c; and Golf Hose, 25c.
Silk Front Shirts, 98c.
New things in Ladies' Summer Vests, 5c to 25c.
Gents' Summer Underwear, to day, 40c and 60c suit.
Any Overall in the store, 40c to day.
Ladies' Underskirt Pattern, very cheap at 25c.
Ladies' Cycle Shoe at $1.25, Gents' at $2.00.
Just one Collaretta left—was $3.50—will close for $1.98.
Ladies' Belt to hold shirt up—very nice new thing which you will need, to-day at 50c.
Erie Onion Sets just in, 2 qts for 25c.
3 cans Superior Corn or Wax Beans for 20c.
Soap Peas, 15c pkg; 10 Bars Climax Soap for 25c.
Olives in bulk, 35c qt; Stuffed Olives, to day, 30c bottle
Oat Flake, 9 lbs for 25c; also one in pkgs, 4c. pkg.
2 pkgs Wheatlet for 25c; 2 of Vitos for 25c.
Just arrived, a nice Prune which will start off to-day at the low price of 5c lb.

Don't Miss It. **J. COLEGROVE.**

SPRING THINGS

We advertise here because we want you to know the advantage of buying important things at this store. You want to see variety, and we have it.

You save here what we save by buying in quantity. You are told what experience has taught us about quality. And many of the best lines that we handle are controlled exclusively by us in this section.

BABY CABS.

Sweet's cabs—the cabs for 15 years have held the favor of Bradford mothers. They are honest cabs, made to last. Too many cabs are made merely for show. No other cabs have

Novelty springs,
Patent brakes,
Patent parasol rods.

All styles—all prices from $6 00 up. All have rubber-tired wheels.

GO-CARTS.

For babies who sit up. They will be extensively used this season. With rubber-tired wheels—$4 50 up.

MAKING THINGS LOOK NEW.

Every help that anybody has made for housecleaning is here—many that you have never known.

All that can help you in making things look new—

Varnish stains,
Paint in small cans,
Furniture polish,
Wax for floors,

Stove, metal and silverware polish

APOLLO BURNERS—75CTS.

We sell the best incandescent gas burner for 75c. We say "best" after three years of testing.

Apollo mantles—18c.

RUBBER PAINT.

A ready mixed paint that outlasts common paint twice over. Brilliant and durable colors. 20 colors and white—$1.50 per gal.

TOILET SETS.

The largest variety shown in this section of the State. Sets at $2 75 and up, many of which cost a third more usually.

DINNER WARE BY THE PIECE.

This season we carry all grades of dinner ware in new open stock patterns. You can buy a few pieces now and more later. Complete the set as you want to. Many people in Bradford are thus buying dinner sets on installments—sets they may never have owned otherwise.

$19.50 SEWING MACHINE.

We sell a Demorest Sewing Machine for $19 50 cash. A machine with every modern improvement—a $55 style in some makes.

RELIABLE RANGES.

The range that is so conspicuously the best that nobody really doubts it. We have sold hundreds without the first complaint. The buying of a range without seeing the Reliables would be a lasting and regrettable mistake.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,

The Great Supply House. BRADFORD.

EMERY & WEAVER.

New Stock Spring Goods

—at store of—

D. C. YOUNG.

All the Novelties of the Season in Wool Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Linings, Trimmings, &c.
New stock Shoes, Groceries, &c.
Call and look through the store.
Articles too numerous to mention.
Prices as low as the lowest in town.

D. C. YOUNG,

Smethport, Pa.

Apr. 11, 1899.

WE'VE GOT EVERY-THING NEW FOR SPRING

New Hats
Sailors
Walking Hats
Trimmed Hats

Organdies
Piques
Ginghams
Muslins
Ribbons

Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT IT

That **E. C. Henry & Co,**

are headquarters for

Fine Cigars and Tobaccos.

The best in the market is none too good for our many customers. That we keep the best we have demonstrated to you ever since we started business in Smethport. Pipes of almost every variety for those who enjoy a good smoke. THE BEST PITTSBURG TOBIES always on hand. Come and see us,

E. C. HENRY & CO.

Ready-to-Wear . . Apparel

HIGH VALUES AT LOW PRICES

Ladies — SUITS, SKIRTS IN DUCKS AND HOME SPUNS, NECKTIES IN LIBERTY SILK AND MULLS, MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, SHOES, SHIRT WAISTS

Gents — HATS AND CAPS, SHIRTS, PANTS, CRAVATS, FOOTGEAR, UNDERWEAR

Little Folks — We fit them out in elegant style from head to heel.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,

Smethport, Pa.

Photographs . .

This has been a busy season and at times the fact that the pictures I make give perfect satisfaction when you want a good article go to the place where the most business is done

Graphophones . .

The acme of perfection seems has been reached in the manufacture of these machines. Come and listen free of charge No trouble.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Pict Grapher.

Smethport Pa

DO YOU KNOW

that when you are smoking an

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN CIGAR

you are receiving more real value for your money than any other ten cigar offers you?

IF YOU DON'T KNOW get into the band wagon and KNOW WHY At all first-class cigar stands.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY APR 14 1899

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The music at St Luke's was perfectly grand last Sunday morning

—S H Metzgar will move his family into the Baptist parsonage next week

—The trout fishing and National League baseball seasons open to-morrow

—That the MINER still lives is evidenced by the increased amount of advertising this week

—The Fire Insurance Underwriters' Convention of McKean county was held here yesterday

—C H Robie, the Olean jeweler, has a new advertisement in this week's issue. Be sure to read it.

—W A Grisard, formerly of this place but lately of Instanter now orders his MINER sent to Olean

—O D Bush has made extensive repairs on the interior of his tenement house in East Smethport.

—A new roof has been placed on the old Bennett House barn Forty five thousand shingles were required for the job

—Dr E. E. Baker has made some extensive repairs in his dental parlors, which will be highly appreciated by his many customers

—The D O I M of the Eastern district will hold a convention at Williamsport to night Great Commander Tom Lowry will preside

—H C Wells has a new advertisement this week calling attention to some things at his drug store. We Don't lie emphasized Be sure to read it.

—You will find it vastly to your interest to read the new advertisement of J Colegrove He is making a popular bid with his Saturday bargain sales

—A dancing party was given by five young people at the Wright House Monday evening About twenty couples were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent

—F F Heath broke ground yesterday morning preparatory to the erection of his new barber shop. This square at present is probably the busiest one in Smethport.

—Note change in the advertisement of H W Marcus of Olean You can order by mail with perfect safety of Mr Marcus. He makes a specialty of the mail order business.

—Note change in D C Young's silver tisement this week. Mr Young and his clerks are kept busy showing customers the elegant new spring goods just received there. Call on him.

—The Railway Age claims that there will be at least 5,000 miles of new railway built in the United States in 1899 and that $180,000,000 will be expended in the construction thereof.

—Williamsport has a new umbrella factory A new device has been invented by a Mr Shaefer of that city which will prove to be a great improvement on the old style of umbrellas.

—The MINER of April 15, 1854, says that "owing to the heavy snow storm the baseball match is indefinitely postponed" This is for those who say this is the worst spring we ever had"

—Your attention is respectfully directed to the new advertisement of Albert Anderson which appears in another column of to-day's MINER. Call and see his immense stock and get his prices.

—Mrs. Carrie Reilly & Co have something to say about hats in a new advertisement this week They are receiving new goods every day and the styles are strictly up to date. Read the ad carefully

—Don't fail to read C. W Lillgeodahl's new advertisement this week. Mr Lillgeodahl says that he has lots of work He has a very complete shop and is well prepared to carefully attend to all work Give him a call.

—At St Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m The junior choir will sing at the evening service and the Rector will preach on "Samson's Riddle" (Judges 14 14)

—Some time ago a tape worm 56 feet in length was taken from Ernest Comes, the little son of Mr and Mrs C D Comes of East Smethport. On Saturday morning another tape worm, 35 feet long, was taken from the little fellow.

—A speculator at a New Rochelle performance of "Othello" the other day rose from his seat while Desdemona was being smothered by a pillow in the hands of the Moor and declared I consider this an outrage. I'll not stay in any play house where they allow a nigger to kill a white woman" Then he went out.—Ex.

—The following personal appeared in last Friday's Olean Democrat "Editor C M Colegrove, wife and son, of Smethport, were guests at the Grand Central Hotel today" While Mr Colegrove would add honor to the craft, the MINER is inclined to think that his lines are cast in too pleasant a place for him to leave it and take up the fare on which a newspaper man is supposed to subsist.

—The MINER has labored for two years under the impression that Col. Noah Parker, who formerly resided at Gardeau and died there two years ago, was not on earth at the present time Our esteemed contemporary, the Bradford Star, knocks this theory in the head as the following will show Col Noah Parker of Gardeau this county, an old hunter and trapper, has a large collection of mounted specimens of birds and animals."

—Superintendent Merriam of the census department has originated an unique device for securing a rapid and accurate census of every man, woman and child in the country Supt. Merriam will on the first day of June send out cards to every member of families in this country. These cards will contain spaces for the name, age, residence and sex of each one of these persons The cards after being filled out will be returned to the census department at Washington

—Mrs. Jas H Brown of Sandy Hill, Washington county, N Y, died on Wednesday at 9 40 a. m, aged over 80 years. She had been sick for the past winter and her death was not unexpected. Three children are left to mourn her demise, one of whom is A P Brown of East Smethport. Mr and Mrs Brown went to Sandy Hill yesterday to be in attendance at the funeral, which will be held to-day. Mr. Brown will probably be detained for some time in settling up the affairs of quite an extensive estate.

—Rev. Dr Walker will preach next Sunday morning, April 16th, on the following topic "The Divine Secret, or Hidden Things Revealed" In the evening at 7 30 Mrs. Frances W Graham of Lockport, N Y, musical director of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and corresponding secretary of the New York State W C T U, will give one of her delightful services of song interspersed with timely remarks on the great temperance theme. Mrs. Graham will also favor the audience in the morning with her singing

—Fred Backus has resigned his position at the Olean House, and Will Austin is negotiating for the sale of his night lunch business Messrs. Backus and Austin have purchased from W. C Albrecht the Arlington cafe, and will take possession about the 15th of this month They will re-arrange the interior to suit their needs, and will conduct a first-class restaurant and dining room They also purpose fitting up a palm garden and will serve evening lunch Yale and Harvard style. These gentlemen are both well known, Mr Backus through his connection with the Olean House and Mr Austin as the night lunch man, and from his reputation as a successful caterer They are both popular young men, and will undoubtedly draw a large patronage. —Olean Democrat

Lieut. R. A. Rice.

McKean county again mourns the loss of one of her distinguished citizens. Last Monday morning Lieutenant Richard A. Rice passed away in his 68th year, the cause of death being Bright's disease.

The deceased was born in Eldred township on Dec. 3 1830 He enlisted in Co. I, First Pennsylvania Rifles May 18th 1861 On December 13th, 1862, he was taken prisoner at Fredericksburg, Va., and exchanged the May following, when he was commissioned second lieutenant of his company He was wounded at Laurel Hill in 1864 and honorably discharged June 11th of the same year Returning to Eldred he commenced clearing up and improving his farm and had resided there until his death

On March 3 1863, he was joined in wedlock to Miss Calista Lampliter of Eldred Five children, four sons and one daughter, blessed this union. Mr Rice was elected county commissioner in 1884 and county auditor in 1893 serving three years in each position, and also held many of the local offices of Eldred township He was a Knight Templar and a member of the G A R Mr Rice was one of the most genial and upright of men—a man who made friends wherever he went.

The funeral was held at Eldred at one o'clock Wednesday, conducted by the G A R and Masonic orders,

Water Works Sure

At the regular meeting of the borough council Wednesday evening, the contract was signed and the franchise granted for the new water works, and the ordinance will appear in the next issue of the Eagle The borough gets a complete system for fire protection the large reservoir being 240 feet above Main street, and the families will have an opportunity of getting pure spring water for household use, a blessing which few towns enjoy The water company is to sustain a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch which will give Eldred's famous fire fighters a great advantage over the destroying element, the company also furnishes water for a public drinking fountain and water trough, and water for sprinkling the streets For this service the borough is to pay $350 annually, or only about $100 more than it costs to keep up the line we now have for fire protection alone. Eldred is certainly in luck.—Eldred Eagle.

Fire Sale.

The goods saved from the fire at the Racket store, Olean N Y, March 14 amounting to about $15 000 will be sold commencing Monday, April 10, sale to continue till all the stock is closed out. These goods are all damaged more or less by fire, smoke and water and will be sold as such, at prices satisfactory to the purchaser The stock consists of shoes, dry goods, clothing, furnishing goods, millinery, fancy goods, notions, etc, etc The greater part of the stock is new up-to-date goods of this season's purchase, which had been in the store only a few days before the fire occurred Be on hand early to get the best choice.

To the Ladies.

The only place in town for ladies to have their dresses cut by measure. Prof. Livingston's French system used. Ladies not annoyed by refitting Satisfaction guaranteed Prices reasonable.

MRS. JESSIE NIXON,
14-4t 108 Cemetery St.

The Ray Camera, the cheapest and best, is found at Gleason's. See him about entering the contest whereby you can go to the Paris Exposition free of cost.

The Union Sunday School will give a warm-sugar social in the Ford building at East Smethport, Saturday evening, April 15th All are invited.

Have you a graphophone? You can get one here for $5 00 and they are all right. A whole barrel of records on hand You can hear them by calling at Gleason's studio.

Messrs. E. C Henry & Co. are headquarters for the sale of Pittsburg stogies. Give them a trial.

—A special train on the Pittsburg & Western road will leave Bradford for Pittsburg at 7 30 a. m. Sunday, April 16th, returning will leave Pittsburg at 5 p. m. Fare for the round trip $1 00.

—Mrs. Jane Hall, wife of Mr Thomas Hall, died at her home in Bradford on Wednesday morning, April 12th, after a long illness. Deceased was a native of Wales, and was 68 years of age. She is survived by her husband and two children, Mrs. Thomas Jones and Mrs. Thomas Hall, Jr.

—Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, widow of the late Thomas Hall, died at the residence of her son, Thomas Hall, Jr., in Bradford,

A SOUVENIR.

I found them in a book last night,
Pressed, withered, wilted,
A token of that early love
That so soon o'er lingers.
Pressed carelessly between the leaves,
They keep their color still.
I cannot look on them today
Without an old time thrill

Ah, me, what tricks does memory play!
The passing years have fled
And now I stand in manor once,
Alone I have long been dead.
And this is all that I can say
When all is cold and down,
Those flowers remind me of some girl—
I wish I knew which one! —Exchange.

AN AMANA ROMANCE.

What led Herr Schweppe to join the Amanites no one knew but the elders. The Amanites did not gossip about it. They were not given to gossiping about anything. Work, duty, God—these were all their thoughts. But the visitors to the close lying Amana villages seldom failed to notice that Herr Schweppe was a gentleman and to wonder how he came to join the Amanites, with their plain clothes and their lives of toil. The mystery was hid in the books of the elders. There was once a visitor who claimed that he had had a glimpse of the page and saw Bismarck written twice on Herr Schweppe's record. The name was "Von Schweppe," too, this visitor said, although it was only Schweppe now.

So that as it may, Herr Schweppe a daughter Annie bore the traits of no-ble German birth. She was a dark haired, dusk eyed maid, appearing among the other girls of the community like a bit of flowers were surrounded by pieces of useful but homely plain white china. Little did the thrifty, godly Amanites care for such beauty in Amana a yard of high calico was accounted as worth far more than a dimple.

The sorrows of exile killed Herr Schweppe when Annie was a child, before she had grown so beautiful. Annie had never seen a mirror, and no one told her of her beauty. Her mother gloated over it in secret. She loved Annie for better than the elders would have sanctioned, but when the child was near she was silent and cold. The life of repression had had its effect on poor Mother Schweppe.

In Amana the elders discouraged homemaking. Men and women entered the church by different doors, and a line of wardrest box cupboards marked off the men's side of the house. But among the girls at the Amana gasthaus were two persons who did not have the fear of Amana in their hearts. They were not Amana girls, but came from outside, for no Amanite would have permitted his daughter to be subjected to the gaze of the strangers in the guest house. It was Madge and Nora alas, who put all the mischief into Annie's mind.

June moonlight was falling over the yellow cornfields, and the fragrance of grandfather Simmons on the wall half intoxicated Annie as she leaned out of the small square window next the sloping roof of her mother's cottage. It was while Annie was still thinking of the kind that might lie outside of Amana that Madge and Nora came along and asked her to go with them to their party. And Annie stole away and went.

A ghostly little party it was, of Madge and Nora and Annie and only three others in the hotel kitchen but as they sat in the glare of the oil lamp reflector it seemed to Annie the wildest dissipation. Two sheepish young Amanites slouched on the bench at one side of the kitchen, nervously pulling their straw hats over their faces if any one glanced at them. The third young man was distinctly unlike these. Annie, big eyed and timorous gazed at him in wonder. He wore such clothes as fitted him. His ruddy hair was brushed back from his ears, not over them in the fashion of the Amanites. His face was clean shaven, his figure lithe and sinewy, and his merry eyes roved hither and thither while he regaled the company with music. It was a mouth organ which he played, but no matter. To Annie it was heavenly. She had never before heard music of any kind, for the Amanites attached a penalty even to whistling. Suddenly Annie was trem bling and sobbing, and the player con sciousness smitten, ceased his melody.

He was not a great stranger to her as Annie had thought. He had not so very many years ago worn the blue jean and straw hats of the community. He was older than Hermann the son of Herr Tappan, whom Annie had often seen in church when a child. The community had permitted Herr Tappan to send his son away to a college for Hermann was to be the physician of the community their Herr Doctor as they called him.

Hermann understood the timidity of Annie. He, too, had once been restrained till all his thoughts were sadness. He took the girls take her at once to her mother's cottage, and he watched them all till Annie had disappeared through the window.

But why should the young Herr Doctor come to Mother Schweppe's cottage next day, asking for her famous wine for his patients?

"Knowest thou not I have disposed of it long before this time?" cried Mother Schweppe.

"I thought perhaps thou mightest be making it again," faltered Hermann.

"Make wine in June? What sort of a man!" And Mother Schweppe laughed loudly and unreasonably much as one of her cabbages might have laughed.

And while her dull eyes were closed to mirth Hermann crushed into Annie's hand a bit of paper and Annie child though she was, hid herself among the grapevines before she dared to open it.

"Thou art most beautiful! I love thee." That was all.

After that it was easy for Annie to climb down by the grapevine from her window, and once she went alone with Hermann far down the solitary railroad track. But Madge loved Hermann too, in her way, and, being jealous, she told Annie's mother.

The next day the elders came to Mother Schweppe's house. No one smiled, and the interview was full of long silences. Annie was taken down the street, an elder in front of her and an elder behind her. They put her in a house, far away from her mother and gave her a double portion of work. Her mama, too, was taken to a cloister though he went laughing.

Six months' separation six months fasting, prayer and hard work was required, and if after that ordeal the two still wished to be married the elders would consider the matter.

A week passed. Hermann and Annie had sat in their places at the morning service, and it chanced that they with meekly folded hands, emerged from the two doors of the church at the same moment. Suddenly each one advanced to the other they met and walked away together. The elders were so astounded that for a moment no one could speak. There had never been such an audacious breach of the rules. Even the most rev erable members of the community were dumbfounded.

The whistle of an approaching train quickened them all to action. "Disobedient!" the chief elder cried and all the elders hurried down the street to the railway station. Here they found Hermann and Annie, impatient and defi ant. There was a brief storm of angry words.

"We give you but one year to con sider," said the long faced chief elder. "You may never show your faces here again if you come not back within the year."

"Then, Hermann, harvest thy aged father, and thou, Annie, thy mother," said another, more kindly.

Annie toiled down at her blue calico gown and her rough shoes. "What have they done for us?" she cried.

They ascended the steps of the car "Give them goodby," called Hermann patulantly. "We come back no more." And the train pulled away.

"All the world loves a lover," said Herr Tappan to Mother Schweppe and ly, "but the lover loves no one but him self and his sweetheart."

So Hermann and Annie went to the city. They were happy, and there seemed to be no ghosts at their fireside. "Father and mother think more of their carrots than they do of us," they would say merrily when they spoke of Amana at all.

In May their baby was born. He was a beautiful child, and Hermann and Annie never tired of watching him. Hermann could scarcely tear himself away from baby to attend his patients. Contagious diseases he refused to treat. Baby might catch them. Annie's face grew softer as she looked at the child. For hours they would amuse themselves watching him clasp a lead pencil in his chubby fingers. They cut off a lock of his baby hair and saved it in the Bible.

"Whom does the baby look like, Annie?" asked Hermann carelessly one day.

Like you did when you were a baby, I suppose," answered Annie gayly. Suddenly a startled look came into her eyes. The thought came to Her mann at the same moment. He dropped on his knees before the child. "Did they think of me as we think of our baby?" he whispered. Annie was sob bing. "God may yet forgive us," she cried. "The year is not ended. We may still return."

* * * * * * *

The good God had not ended Mother Schweppe's life. Herr Tappan, too, was still trudging among his vegetables when Hermann and Annie came back.

"It would have been a year tomorrow already," Herr Tappan said stolidly but his withered lips went trem bling and he embraced Hermann and Annie and blessed them.

And Mother Schweppe paddled back to her cellar with a sly smile, returning full handed. "I have all this time since last autumn kept six bottles of wine for thee, Hermann," she said.—Julia Crawford Underwood in St Louis Globe-Democrat.

TALKING DOWN THE TUBE.

Unpleasant Results From Keeping a Harsh Voiced Maid

One of the unpleasant features of life in a flat is that you unconsciously turn friends or indifferent acquaintances into active enemies. Some one rings the bell. Your faithful maid rushes from the kitchen to the speaking tube.

"Who is it?"

But no words can describe the forbid ding tone in which this natural request is made. You say to yourself: "I must sandpaper Emma's voice."

If you were at the other end of the tube, you would hear a well bred question.

"Is Mrs. Smithers in?"

"Who is it?" (Emma is uncompromising.)

"Is Mrs. Smithers in?"

"What's your name?" (Fortissimo.)

"I asked if Mrs. Smithers was in."

"Yes, but who are you?" (You rush into the hall to expostulate.)

Will you tell Mrs. Smithers that Mrs. De Lancey Montressor called?"

"Come up."

Silence.

Ominous silence. You look out of the window. Mrs. Montressor is going away. The back of her head looks angry.

And it was only last Thursday that you invited her to talk with you at your home about getting up a class to study Dante in the original.

Emma is in the kitchen. You dare not reproach her. In the first place you yourself told her always to ask a call er's name before opening the door. In the second place she is getting dinner.—Boston Journal.

Her Sweet Mistake.

A short time since the daughter of a millionaire drove up to the door of a jeweler's shop went in and selected a turquoise and diamond ring valued at $250. She made out her check for that sum and passed it to the proprietor who glanced at it and then looked in quizzingly up at the young lady and said: "There is some mistake here I think."

The young lady flushed and asked if the check was not for the right amount. She was told it was but—

"But what?" she exclaimed frigidly. "Do you mean that my check is not acceptable?"

The jeweler acknowledged that he knew quite well who the young lady was but explained that the check was not made out just as it should be, and he handed it back. The girl ran her eye over it and then turned a deep crimson.

Oh! she exclaimed. "I see. And then she proceeded to make out another check. She had signed the first one: "Your own sweetheart, Jessie."

A Race of Tailed Men.

Africa is a continent rich in tailed men myths. There is supposed to be a candate race of pygmies somewhere in the uplands of Abyssinia. The Main Mainis are a celebrated race. A good many years ago the French government dispatched a M. Descourt with instruc tions to explore some of the least known parts of Africa and to ascertain the ex act degree of truth in the various stories about the Main Mains. He described the people as being mostly under five feet in height ill proportioned thin weak and ugly with short woolly hair and with an external elongation of the vertebral column which he says in every individual male or female forms a tail two or three inches long.—Medical Record.

Siamese Magic.

Siamese magicians profess to be able to destroy your enemy for you. They first bewitch part of a buffalo till it be comes as small as a pea. When your enemy has been induced to swallow it they make it return to its original size and after suffering great agonies he suffocates. Pig's flesh and fish are also used. When these people die the rea son can be detected because at their cremation some part of their body re fuses to burn and when it is cut open it contains fish or meat of some animal. A small boy died recently and was cremated. A certain part of the child's chest refused to burn and they got it examined and found it to be a piece of salt pork!

Not Quite Persuaded.

"We like the idea of simplified spell ing," says the editor of the Perkins Junction Palladium. "But we don't think we could ever become used to writing it. He wawkt down the ile, leaving the trax of his lag and mudder shoez on the flore. The mags ar vizibl yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Peerless.

"So you have no house of lords in this country," said the visiting Eng lishman.

"No, we haven't," replied the Amer ican. "This is a nation without a peer."—Harper's Bazar.

Religion is intended for both worlds, and right living for this is the best preparation for the best. Character is decisive of destiny.—Tryon Edwards.

Harper is the man or woman who can eat a good hearty meal without suffer ing afterward. If you cannot do it take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and cures all forms of dyspepsia and indigestion. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

The dark, grief portion in the east,
The changing and the rainbow colors,
The world, the world of men, awoke
And then the guest who traveled spoke.

And as he spoke he took her hand
In his (he could not understand)
And held it tiny, white and slim
While she in silence gazed at him.

"Soft little tender, birdlike thing,
May time or toil" he murmured, "bring
No line to thee your girlish hand!"
(Oh he could never understand!)

Then she with one strange wistful look,
Drew back the hand he idly took
And smiling but it from his gaze
While he bowed low and went his ways.

The little hand remained the same
Soft, birdlike thing and no toil came
To take its tenderness away
Nor steal its beauty day by day.

For in the world its only task
Was but to give a weary heart
One little hand on which to rest
That a lord with all her love for him
—Arthur J. Stringer in Harper's Magazine.

THE STORE DETECTIVE

One Occasion Where He Got Decidedly the Worst of It

The tables were turned upon a woman as detective in one of the large depart ment stores recently when a woman whom she had been following from counter to counter turned on her and not only pulled her hair but tore her gown. To a policeman who was summoned by the detective the shopper said that she was not a thief, and that the detective's espionage was an insult. No arrest was made.

The female detectives are known to the regular patrons of the stores where they are employed and it is not im probable when the shopper said that it was an insult to be followed by this woman that she was thinking what opinion the other shoppers might form of her. One store in this town which obtained a lot of free advertising several years ago because of the energy of its female detective has paid heavily for it since. It was a store which by its ar rangement offered great temptation to shoplifters, and undoubtedly it suffered from them. The woman detective was engaged, and as she was the pioneer of her class she attracted so much atten tion that she became unduly ambitious in her line of work. If a shopper happened to pick up an article and walk to another counter with it, a habit of many women the detective was right beside her and she felt that in the eyes of the sleuth she was a probable thief even if no arrest was attempted.

The annoyance of this woman's ac tions became so great and the numbers of arrests made by her was so large that the old patrons of the store felt away. They felt that the risk of being mistak en for a shoplifter outweighed the ad vantage of the bargains offered.—Chi cago Chronicle.

A Remarkable Piano.

One Bonchet who compiled a history of Acquitaine describes a remarkable pianoforte built for Louis XI by the Abbe de Baigne. The king one day hearing a drove of hogs taming up pre paratory to a general rush for and pro miscuous scramble at the slop pail laughingly ordered the priest to contrive means by which these seemingly dis cordant sounds might produce harmony.

Tradition does not affirm that the reverend gentleman scratched his head thereat but owing to the prevalence of the tonsure it is safe to assert that he did not. Notwithstanding which, how ever, he managed to nicely grade the drove, from the thin treble of the shote to the bassoon grunt of the tusked boar and having arranged them in stalls un der a pavilion announced to his aston ished majesty who had not thought of the matter since that the piano was in tune.

The king incredulous attended and when the abbe struck the keys there poured forth to the delight of the entire court a burst of music such as Orpheus never conceived. The explanation when the crafty prelate chose to expose his plan, was most simple. The keys being struck, a prong set in motion by the action was struck into the pig gra ing or piercing according to the force and temperament of the player the re sulting squeal howl or groan producing harmony.

Paste Gems.

The pleasure of wearing sparkling stones is to a great extent the knowledge that others cannot afford to wear them. But this is a pleasure with which I have no sympathy. Jewels should simply be regarded as an ornament, irre spective of their intrinsic value. But so little is this realized by the wealthy classes that many ladies wear sham diamonds exactly similar to those that they possess which are kept at their bankers for fear of theft. This is much like a person plastering himself over with certified bankers checks. It is a mere advertisement to all that the per son is so wealthy that he or she can af ford to leave a vast amount of capital locked up without interest.—London Truth.

A Backward Boy.

President of the Company—I guess you'd better discharge that boy.

Manager—Why? He seems to be a nice quiet kind of a boy, and I haven't noticed that he has neglected his work.

President—That's all very true, but I don't think he has the making of a financial genius in him. He's been around here for more than three weeks now and hasn't given either you or me to understand that he knows more about the business than we do.—New York World.

Some of the machines for making matches which are used in these days make 200 revolutions in a minute and turn out about 3,500,000 matches daily, or about 900,000,000 annually.

The wine attains a great age, contin uing fruitful for at least 400 years. It is supposed to be equal to the oak as re gards longevity.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and pos itively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

For a quick remedy and one that is perfectly safe for children let us recom mend One Minute Cough Cure. It is ex cellent for croup, hoarseness, tickling in the throat and coughs. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

If you have a cough, throat irritation, weak lungs, pain in the chest, difficult breathing, croup or hoarseness, let us suggest One Minute Cough Cure. Al ways reliable and safe. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

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Chinatown's Lottery.

Chinamen are natural gamblers and in every city in this country where they congregate they have a lottery.

The manner of conducting the lot tery is characteristic. Square sheets of papers are circulated about China. They contain 80 characters within a green border. There is no name or loca tion on the sheets, but every one knows its office and uses. Translated literally, these characters represent some natural phenomena, such as "Heaven and earth," "Fishes swim," "Birds fly," "The world is vast," "Clouds rise" and other commonplaces of daily life and so general are they that the most ordinary dream may find here a character for in terpretation.

Twenty characters are chosen and crossed and the wager laid. When the drawing comes the man who guesses three of these numbers gets his money back five he wins double his stake, and ten, 200 times the amount paid in. The stakes run from 10 cents to $5. The highest and lowliest inhabitant of the quarter delights in the bah ka pon and plays it with almost religious par sistency.

When Poe Was Hungry.

Gabriel Harrison, who was a popular young actor in the forties and also an artist and politician and friend of cele brated men told this story of Edgar Allan Poe:

"I asked Poe several times when he was at the studio to sit for his portrait, but he always refused on the ground that his clothes were too shabby. But one afternoon I caught him in an un usually complacent mood and obtained the original of the engraving you see there on the wall. This was but three years before Poe's death and he was not at all prosperous.

"I recollect that once we were walk ing up town together late in the day, when Poe began to sway from side to side and then stopped. He said he felt faint. We went into a cafe, where we had a glass of wine and a biscuit. Poe then told me that his sudden dizziness was the result of not having eaten any thing since early morning."

Cranky Vessels.

Even the best designers never know how their ships will turn out when completed. They may break all records for speed, or they may be so slow as to be entirely useless—a mere waste of money.

Years ago two mud barges were built at San Francisco, exactly alike, con structed from one design. One of them was quite commonplace, but the other raced every barge in the bay and beat them all, raced every yacht on the Pa cific coast and beat them. She was so fast that yachts were built on her lines, but turned out mere barges for sloth. Nobody could see how this craft differed from her crawling sisters or from the yachts.

In 1851 the America went to Cowes, England, and raced for a prize cup. She won that trophy and then no Eng lishman bought her and improved her hull stiffening it with knees through out. After that she lost every race.

When Insects Sleep.

There is no doubt that all insects ex cept those like the May fly which die very soon after they are born take rest. Some of them take from 10 to 20 hours rest at a time—as, for instance butter flies, which remain fixed to certain spots for days together. Some caterpil lars and moths like rest during the day appearing only at night while insects of the bee and wasp tribe do their work by day and slumber at night.

Beetles may often be found during the daytime with their legs drawn up under their bodies in a condition sug gesting repose, while it is well known that they make their depredations prin cipally by night.

Some insects, again, take a long pe riod of rest during the winter months, and it is certain that insects like any other family of animals, enjoy periods of repose, though, as they cannot close their eyes, it seems hardly right to call this sleep.

Old Slavery Times.

The Columbia (S. C.) Herald recent ly republished this interesting item which it originally printed in the slav ery days before the war:

"Negroes sell as high as heretofore but they are hired out at lower rates. For a 12 year old girl $50 is given and an 8 year old boy goes at $1. Peter be longing to the Mary Shock estate, is hired out for $302. J. S. Clarkson's Mary 28 years old sold for $1,100. Alex, belonging to the estate of the Rev. D. Hall brings $336. J. H. Waugh buys Willis for $310, negroes of W. H. Irwin are sold on 12 months' credit and T. C. Parker buys Eliza and child for $1,111. Robert Lemon buys John a 10 year-old for $510, and Jack a 9 year old for $608. H. R. C. Cowden pays $1,100 for A. Sublett's Mary."

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DIFFICULT URINATION, URETHRAL INFLAMMATION, PRE SENILITY, OVARIAN PAINS, IRRITABLE BLADDER, DISORDERED KIDNEYS
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[illegible] to cost $1.50. Over seven hundred thou sand people purchased it at that price and over 1,000,000 copies of it [illegible] For a limited time copies will be given away free.

This great book contains the names, ad dresses, photographs and experiences of hundreds of women who were once hope less invalids, but who have been restored to robust womanly health by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This mar velous medicine acts directly on the deli cate organs of strictly feminine [illegible] them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It fits for motherhood and mother hood. It banishes the usual suffering of the expectant months and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It robs motherhood of its perils. It insures the robust health of the little new comer and a bountiful supply of nature's nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into healthy, happy wives and mothers. For a paper-cover copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser [illegible] it used